

THE

Royal Mischief.

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A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted

BY HIS

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

By M^{rs} Manley.

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LONDON,

Printed for R. Bentley, F. Saunders, and J. Knapton,
M DC XCVI.

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ROYAL MILITARY
TRAGEDY

As it is Acted
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LONDON

Printed for R. Bentley, F. Saunders, and J. Knapp,
MDCXCVI

To his Grace

WILLIAM

DUKE of Devonshire, &c.

Lord Steward of his Majesties Household, Knight
of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and
one of his Majesties Most Honourable Privy-
Council.

MY LORD,

Custom has so far prevail'd, that a Play thrust into
the World without begging the Protection of a
great Man, makes the Poet be thought not mo-
dest but unfriended; thus perswaded, I cou'd not hesitate
a moment. Your Graces Name appearing in the Front,
will with undoubted Sunshine, disperse what ever storm
can be threatned; and when I shall have gratify'd my
highest Vanity, in telling the Town, that this Piece, had,
in some sort, the honour of your Graces Approbation,
before it came upon the Stage, 'twill be security for me,
that none of sense will pretend to condemn, what you
seem'd to approve.

Your Grace, who is so justly the admiration of our
Sex, cannot wonder to see new effects of it; your Vertue
Commands the esteem of all who hear it; your Wit (if

the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the name be not too inexpressive) distinguishes you as eminently as your Fortune; that happy turn which all who write endeavour after, but so few in any degree attain, seems natural to you; and when we wou'd treat of inimitable Perfection, it must be your Graces sense and happy way of explaining it.

Hitherto, I have unenvied, read and admir'd, the Eminent Poets of our Age: I durst not once presume to hope, my Pen shou'd ever equal the least of them; but when thus employ'd, methinks the Eloquence of both ancient and modern, are too faint representatives; I cou'd (by a noble Ambition) wish them all united in me: But as your Worth out-does Imitation, the Orator who aims to define it, must owe all the Glory he shall acquire, not to his Eloquence, but the subject it self; where the Business makes the Perfection.

'Tis to such a Prince as you, those who love Sincerity, shou'd make Offerings of this kind; here we are secured from the odious name of Flatterers; all and more than we can say is yours; it seems particularly adapted to our Sex, to describe the Graces of your Person, what has employ'd our wonder shou'd our Expressions; your Magnificence, Knowledge, Justice, Liberality, &c. but let me rest upon your Goodness, which I hope can forgive all the Errors of my Pen, and still permit me the title of,

My Lord,

Your Graces most Faithful

and most humble Servant,

A Delarivier Manley.

To Mrs. Manley
By the Author of *the Widow Lackitt*
TO THE
READER.

I Shou'd not have given my Self and the Town the trouble of a Preface, if the aspersions of my Enemies had not made it necessary. I am sorry those of my own Sex are influenced by them, and receive any Character of a Play upon trust, without distinguishing Ill nature, Envy and Detraction in the Representor.

The principal Objection made against this Tragedy is the warmth of it, as they are pleas'd to call it; in all Writings of this kind, some particular Passion is describ'd, as a Woman I thought it Policy to begin with the softest, and which is easiest to our Sex. Ambition, &c. were too bold for the first flight; all wou'd have condemn'd me if venturing on another I had fail'd, when gentle love stood ready to afford an easy Victory. I did not believe it possible to pursue him too far, or that my Laurel shou'd seem less graceful for having made an entire Conquest.

Leonora in the double discovery, and part of Autenge-Zebe, have touches as full of natural fire as possible. I am amaz'd to know the Boxes can be crowded, and the Ladies sit attentively, and unconcern'd, at the Widow Lackitt, and her Son Daniel's Dialect, yet pretend to be shock'd at the meaning of blank Verse, for the words can give no offence; the shutting of the Scene I judg'd Modester (as being done by a Creature of the Princess,) than in any terms to have had both the Lovers agree before the Audience, and then retire, as resolving to perform Articles; the Pen shou'd know no distinction. I shou'd think it but an indifferent Commendation to have it said she writes like a Woman: I am sorry to say there was a Princess more wicked than Homais. Sir John Chardin's Travels into Persia, whence I took the story, can inform the Reader, that I have done her no Injustice, unless it were in punishing her at the last; which the Historian is silent in. Bassima's severer Vertue shou'd incline my Audience to bestow the same Commendation which they refuse me; for her Rivals contrary Character.

I do not doubt when the Ladies have given themselves the trouble of reading, and comparing it with others, they'll find the prejudice against our Sex, and not refuse me the satisfaction of entertaining them, nor themselves the pleasure of Mrs. Barry, who by all that has been said, is concluded to have exceeded that perfection which before she was justly thought to have arrived at; my Obligations to her were the greater, since against her own approbation, she excell'd and made the part of an ill Woman, not only entertaining, but admirable.

To Mrs. Manley.

By the Author of *Agnes de Castro*.

H' Attempt was brave, how happy your success,
The Men with shame our Sex with Pride confess;
For us you've vanquish'd, though the toyl was yours,
You were our Champions, and the glory ours.
Well you've maintain'd our equal right in Fame,
To which vain Man had quite engross'd the claim.
I knew my force too weak, and but assay'd
The Borders of their Empire to invade.
I incite a greater genius to my aid,
The War begun you generously pursu'd,
With double Arms you every way subdu'd,
Our Title clear'd, nor can a doubt remain,
Unless in which you'll greater Conquest gain,
The Comick, or the loftier Tragick strain.
The Men always overcome will quit the Field,
Where they have lost their hearts, the Laurel yield.

To Mrs. Manley, upon her Tragedy call'd *The Royal Mischief*.

AS when some mighty Hero first appears,
And in each act excels his wanting years;
All Eyes are fixt on him, each busy Tongue
Is employ'd in the triumphant Song:
Even pale Envy hangs her dusky Wings,
Or joins with brighter Fame, and boastfully sings;
So you the unequal'd wonder of the Age,
Pride of our Sex, and Glory of the Stage,
Have charm'd our hearts with your immortal lays,
And tun'd us all with Everlasting Praise.
You snatch Laurels with undisputed right,
And Conquer when you but begin to fight;
Your infant strokes have such Herculean force,
Your self must strive to keep the rapid course;
Like Sappho Charming, like Afris Eloquent,
Like Chast Grinda, sweetly Innocent:
But no more, to stop the Reader were a sin,
Whilst trifles keep from the rich store within.

M. P. I. X.

To Mrs. Manley, on her Tragedy call'd *The Royal Mischief*.

Sent by an unknown hand.

What all our Sex in one sad hour undid,
Lost are our Arts, our Learning, our Religion;
Since Nature's tide of Woe came routing down,
From you it flows with irresistible force,
Nor can united Envy stop its course;

Ken

Keen are your Eyes we know, and sure their Darts,
 Fire to our Soul they send, and Passions to our hearts;
 Needle's was an addition to such arms,
 Where all Mankind are Vassals to your Charms:
 That hand but seen gives wonder and desire,
 Snow to our sight, but with its touches fire:
 You stroke our Souls, and all the Passions move,
 By fierce desires made fit for raging Love;
 Who sees thy yielding Queen, and would not be
 On any terms the least the Happy be
 Entranc'd, we fancy all his Ecstasy.
 Ourselves Ourselves no more ye amorous Swains,
 Delia, than Ovid has more moving Strains:
 Nature alone in her Exceeds all Art,
 And Nature's self does nearest touch the heart.
 O might I call the bright discoverer mine,
 The whole fair Sex unenvied I'd resign,
 Give all my happy hours to Delia's Charms,
 She who by writing thus our wishes warms.
 What Worlds of Love must Circle in her Arms.

PROLOGUE spoken by Mr. Betterton.

Critics, ye are grown so much unkind,
 Who dares to write runs on their certain Fate:
 If in the Gallies once they miss their way,
 Once chance to glimmer out a feeble ray,
 Condemn 'em always by such lights to stray,
 That Poets floating betwixt hopes and fears,
 Now dread you more than Merchants Privateers.
 Fain ours would bribe you high to let her live,
 At least mayn't mercy stretch to a reprieve;
 So may the Statesmans Policy increase,
 And Traders have their wisht desires for Peace;
 So may the Levite, with no doubts perplex,
 E'en as dear Interest leads, explain his Text;
 Spies and Spies in spyglass they can see
 All Wig and Dress, no matter for the Man:
 The Soldier yids his money without fighting,
 And Poets there's in that worse Combat, Writing:
 The Vizards Mask it to their Friends unknown,
 Fool most themselves in fooling of the Town:
 My last kind Wishes Ladies are for you,
 Espouse your Sexes Cause, and bravely too,
 So may you still be fair, your Lovers ever true.

Persons

Persons Represented.

L *Evan Dadian, Prince of Colchis.* *Mr. Bowman.*
Prince of Libardian his Uncle, *Mr. Kynaston.*
and Protector of his State.
Osman, Chief Visier. *Mr. Betterton.*
Ismael his Cousin, a Great Officer. *Mr. Hudson.*
Acmat an Eunuch of Homais. *Mr. Freeman.*
Officers of Camp, and State.

WOMEN.

Bassima, Princess of Colchis. *Mrs. Bracegirdle.*
Homais, Princess of Libardian, despe- *Mrs. Barry.*
rately in love with Evan.
Selima, Sister to the Prince of Libardian, *Mrs. Bowman.*
and Married to the Chief Visier.
Ladies attending on the Princesses.
Eunuchs.
Slaves.
Four Mutes.
Guards.

SCENE *the Castle of Phasia in Libardian, and*
the Prince of Colchis's Camp before it.

THE

THE
Royal Mischief.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment in the Castle of Pholia.

Enter Homais and Acmat.

Hom. **T**HIS finisht, and a work speaks loud as Fame,
Where Crowns and Scepters truckle to his Vertue;
My Conquering Cousin has the War o'ercome,
And now slowly returns, with Honour prest,
As thickning Lawrels, sprung to stop his passage,
And turn a necessary march to one
Long solemn triumph.

Acn. He brings the Princess with him, and sure
Such Beauty should be tasted leisurely,
Lest the rich Cordial prove too strong for Life,
And ruin that which 'twas design'd to bless.

Hom. Name her not, she's a Disease to all my hopes,
Like early blasts upon too forward Blossoms,
Reduces all into their former nothing:

Acn. Might I but hope my long try'd service,
And secrecy, the rarity of Courts,
Which still where you're concern'd, bids me be dumb;
Forget I've Life, and ranks me with the dead;
Cou'd this and more deserve your Royal Ear,
I would be bold to ask the Cause of your
Disorder.

Hom. Why thou my *Acmat*, who hast known me
And markt the various changes of my temper,
Shouldst know my Griefs can have no other Cause
But Loves Almighty Passion.

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Acem. My sense had toucht the mark,
If that my Memory in all its search,
Cou'd but have fixt your new disquiets on
A Person fit to fill your Royal Breast;
Osman the new made Visier you detest,
His Cousin *Ismael* you have enjoy'd;
(And sure such Fires did never wait possession)
Since that, none has approacht your Royal sight,
Fit to give Love, or to create desire,
Or if there had, I soon had markt the Man;
For love like yours, in absence may be hid,
In presence never!

Hom. Right thou has guest,
And yet the wound is love, but such a love;
So hopeless, so fantastick, all my stock,
Of Youth, and Charms, cannot forbid despair.

Acem. Impossible, you know not half your Power,
Those Eyes did never vainly shoot a Dart,
Such are their Fires, so sparkling, so attractive,
So passionately, soft and tender,
So full of that desire they give, as though
The Glorious Heaven stood ready for Possession:
You never look but to command our love,
And give your Lover hope——
Then how shou'd you despair.

Hom. Had they inimitable luster,
Were all my Charms unequall'd, like that bright
Light above, superiour and alone, yet
To the Man, who never either saw, or
Heard their Power, my Sun-shine would be lost.

Acem. Is there on Earth a Wretch so must unblest.
Our Eastern World is full of *Homais* Beauty,
And I am bold to think you have not lov'd beyond:
No second *Alexander* fills the Globe,
No Glorious busy Hero, to inflave
Your heart at distance, and with unseen Fame,
Make Conquest easy, name but the Happy Man,
And I'll secure him yours.

Hom. Dull, dull, Eunuch,
What Lethargy has stole thy reason from thee,
Cold through thy Reins, and mingled with thy blood,
How far wouldst thou extend thy busy search,
Hunt round the Globe for airy Heroes,
When the realities at home — the Prince
— The inimitable Prince of *Caldia* —
Thou startst —
Despair surround me, if thy Coward blood

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Has not forsook thy ghastly Face,
The gorgon Name has turn'd him to a Statue.

Actm. My fears are yours, nor can I chuse but fear,

When that must bring despair which causes love.

Your Eyes in all their glorious course (and sure

They are Omnipotent) cou'd not have shone

Upon a soil so barren, no kindly hopes,

No prospect of return, no flatt'ring gleams

Of Sun-shine through the show'rs to make us

Hope a calm, first here your Husbands Nephew's

Just Marry'd to a young and beauteous Princess:

Time has scarce lent a hand to pluck the fruit,

Or say 'twere gather'd, yet the flavour lasts;

Then he's a Prince so much renown'd for Vertue,

So true a Copy of the long-past Heroes;

As will serve for an original to Ages yet to come.

But O that which concludes his Character,

Destroys us more, abundant gratitude,

And love to the Protector——

'Tis to your Lord he owes his Conquer'd Fields,

Who gave his Lawrels growth, mixt with his own

To make one lasting shade, which all your rays

Can never penetrate. *[She seems disorder'd during this Speech, and at length*

Hom. A heavy doom,

sinks down in a Chair.

Too strong for Life to bear.

Actm. How lawless is a Woman's Love,

The swelling current will admit no bounds;

For if not gratify'd they die——

Help there, the Princess sounds.

[Within.

The Ladies appear.

Hom. Bid 'em be gone,

Alas it is not in their pow'r to help.

This raging fire blazes to such a height,

That till 'tis quencht, Life cannot come in doubt:

I find, I feel, the burning at my heart,

Which now, when thou hadst thought my reason lost,

Shifted the Scene, and brought my anguish back.

Actm. In all the course of Loves Tyrannick Power,

I have not heard a Passion like to yours,

Unsought, unseen, to throw your heart away;

A Gem of that inestimable price,

Shou'd be the blest reward of long paid service,

And a flame, lasting and clear, as those bright Eyes,

That lighted it.

Hom. Thy vulgar Soul moves in the common road,

Mine loaths the beaten path, and starts aside,

To seek new Regions out, disgusted with the old,

And now the rich discovery is made,

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I'll push the bold adventure on,
And either die or Conquer.

Acem. Change but the **Climate** and the **Crown** is yours,
Survey the **Globe**, chuse where your **Eyes** would **reign**;
Or were it possible to mount the **Skies**,
And wander through the starry **Courts** above,
Not one bright dazling god but would forgo
His Heav'n for yours, and doat on the **Exchange**;
Such magick's in your looks, none but
The Prince of **Colchis** can resist them.

Hom. How dares my Slave speak these uneasy truths,
Thy barren Soul ne'er knew the growth of love,
And wert not call'd to threaten but advise;
No more expostulate a growing flame,
More than Ambition bold, than anger fierce,
Nor can but with possession be abas'd.
My Life, my Soul, my All, is fixt upon **Enjoyment**,
Resistance but augments desire:
If thou wouldst live threaten no more despair,
I've nam'd the Goal, lend me thy aid to reach it.

Acem. If I have been displeasing to your Ear;
Let my mistaken Zeal meet your forgiveness;
For I have err'd to think of a defence
When you prepare to arm; such **Courage** and
Such Beauty must make the universal
World your Slaves, nor will I more exempt the
Prince, could you but triumph there, the rest were
Easy Conquest.

Hom. Dost thou remember in my Virgin bloom,
When time had scarce lent Colour to my Beauty,
The Visier *Osman* made an interest here,
My native Modesty taught long denials,
For 'tis but by degrees our Sex grow bold;
Start at the name they after grow familiar with;
Piqued with delays he urg'd his Suite no more,
Nor took advantage of consenting Love,
But left the bargain dead upon my hands,
For which if ever I forgive the baulk,
May lasting disappointments hunt me out,
Watch all my steps and double as I turn;
Dash the full Bowl when lifted to my Lips;
And all the Senses eager for the taste.

Acem. 'Twas then young *Ismael* return'd from travail,
High in his youth, with success made bold;
He storm'd your heart, and took it by assault,
Made himself Master of your richest treasure,
For which the Visier drag'd him from your Arms;

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Sent him to Wars to disappoint you more,
And wou'd have crost your Marriage with my Lord.

Hom. But all those pangs which then thou saw'st me
Suffer from *Osman's* scorn, and *Ismael's* loss;
Were Minutes to the mighty Ages now;
For had this hapned to an untry'd Courage,
The weighty hand had sunk the novice down;
Unable to support the pondrous blow.

Acem. Yet e'er the Sun has gilded the Meridian,
You may have hopes to see your Lover here:
For so the Trumpet from my Lord reports,
Last night they past the River *Phasis*,
And pitcht their Camp along its swelling side;
The Protector will undoubtedly be fond
To entertain his Niece and Nephew here,
And do them honour in his own Dominions;
Now e'er the Princess treads her *Colchian* ground,
Prepare your Charms, and let us see
What Wounds your Eyes can make.

Hom. They blaze with more than Comet Fires,
The great and sure portents of following Fate;
For *Bassima* or I must make the Prodigy.
Trumpets, heark, they come—support—
Me *Acem*, or I shall sink with transport:
Ay, now the fatal tryal's near, death or
A heart more worth than thousand lives;
Again they sound, feel but my throbbing heart
How swift it plays, were it as low'd 'twould pay
The Musick back, and speak both gratitude
And love in strains unheard before.

Enter a Slave.

Slave. Madam, the Prince is enter'd.

Hom. What Prince?

Slave. The Prince, my Lord.

Hom. Haste, and say I wait him here.

What an unwholsome air that breath has cast,
'Tas damp't my Fires and almost put out life;
My Senses turn'd, and my chill'd blood that ran
In streams below, falls drop by drop as Frost
Had numb'd the passage.

Acem. Compose your self and meet my Lord with smiles,
His jealous Age suspicious of a flight,
Expects more wellcome than a youthful Lover,
Wear close your thoughts, untold they are your own
Nature has been so bounteous to our kind,
Unless we lend the Clue they cannot reach our hearts.

Hom.

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Hom. 'Tis most unlucky, thus to be deceived,
Upon the first expectance. Oh thou Eternal
Searcher of our hearts, that canst in thy large
Book read our unhappy destinies, long
Ages off, if I am doom'd a Martyr
To my Love, shorten my pains, and let my
Death be instant.

Actm. Your Musick flourishes.
My Lord is in the Lodgings, I hear him come;
Shift swift your look, or you destroy us all.

Enter the Prince of Libardian attended.

Prince of Libar. O my fair Princess the joys of long past Life
Are crowded in this moment, and a new
Glittering store reveal'd to make me further
Doat upon your Treasure.

Hom. My Lord your Welcome—

Prince of Libar. So cold, my Lord your welcome—
Death meet my wishes, if this Minute, when
I hug'd the dear Inchantress to my Bosom,
That swell'd to meet the load, her snowy Arms,
Kept not a most ingrateful distance,
Nor Circled me, the least familiar welcome;
And when I thought to mingle Kisses with her,
She met my burning Lips with her cold Checks;
Cover'd all o'er with a thick, damp sweat,
Which nothing cou'd supply but strong aversion.

Hom. Yet e'er my Lord you quarrel with my welcome,
Allow me leave to say it was unkind
To give the Stile and Dignity of Regent
The empty name of Honour without Power,
Whilst yon proud pamper'd Prelate bore the sway,
Denied me leave to pass the Castle-Gates;
And suffer'd none to have access, but just
My Women, and my Slaves; hence 'twas I found
My Servants were his Creature— my Guards
My Gaolers, and himself the Master Spy.

Prince of Libar. O can you blame me to preserve a good
On which the safety of my Life depends;
Who but a Fool wou'd leave his wealth at large,
To the uncertain Chance of Robbers hands,
When by securing it 'tis sure his own.
I am that Wretch, the moment, when
I lose your treasure.

Hom. 'Tis the Privilege of Age to talk,
They dream broad wake, and then speak as they dream.

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Prince of Libar. Unequal nature, Why hast thou bestow'd
A larger privilege of mind than body?
For whilst we find and feel our Passions strong,
We vainly hope the consequence as young;
By Love made bold we hunt the beauteous Chace,
Nor heed our lag of Body in the Race;
Till taught too late in such ingrateful Arms,
'Tis Youth to Youth can only furnish Charms,;
O cou'd I hide me ever from your Eyes,
You shou'd no more my Love or Age despise.

Hom. My Lord, you moralize too far, forgive
My Sexes frailty, I'm a Woman, made
Passionate by want of Liberty:
I'll learn to wear my Fetters lighter,
And if you please, will sute my wellcome to it.

Prince of Libar. Wert thou but truly kind,
What Worlds of blifs could'st thou not give?
Thy Eye, thy Lips, thy thousand Beauties,
Were too Divine a Feast for Mortal taste;
O let me be but well dissembled with,
And I will lie for ever in thy Arms,
Nor never wake to find the fond illusion,
But think it all substantial shining treasure.

Hom. Well, now we are Friends——
Let me like other Warriours Wives,
First give a kiss, and then my dear, what News,
How went the Battle, how the Peace, who wears
The thickest Lawrel, and whose name sounds
Sweetest in the mouth of Fame.

Prince of Libar. Our Conquering Cousin,
Young *Levan Dadian*, has out-strippt my Age,
Foil'd all my Glories by his rising splendour;
For when the Battle hung in long suspence,
And the nice Goddesses wou'd be wooed by neither;
Though each contending for the Lovers prize,
Did things beyond a Lovers height;
Till the young fiery *Abean Prince*,
With a fresh Body of selected Horse,
Broke in upon my Rear, my slaughter'd Men
Supply'd the Luxury of Death, with a
Full Feast, who did but taste before——
Then young *Levan* flew to prevent the
Inevitable stroke, which the up-lifted
Hand of Fate stood ready to discharge:
By Heav'n, it gave at once both spight and joy,
To see this infant Eagle hatch underneath
The cover of my Wings, now imp my flight,

And

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And far out-soar my height, *Prince of Libar.* But wheres this young **Triumph**, **thou'd we not**
Meet him now, with *lo Peans*, and strow his
Passage, with unfading Lawrels; do not
All kneell to Heaven for benefits, why not
To Heroes too, when they perform the work
As well: I am indebted for a **Husbands Life**,
And loath the stain of vulgar **Souls Ingratitude**;
Lead me to pay the Tribute of my Thanks,
For I, my Lord, am burthen'd with the weight.

Prince of Libar. Incumbent duty has discharg'd your Debt,
For when the fatal Circumstance Proclaim'd
The Field our own, I ran to give him joy,
He swore by all those hovering Ghosts just
Then departed, that 'twas more satisfaction
To preserve my Life, than find himself
A Conquerour.

Hom. But pray, my Lord, what of the **Visier Osman**,
Has he deserv'd your mighty trust and favour,
He cou'd not sure forsake in that Extremity
A Prince who did him Honour.

Prince of Libar. Why do you envy me, **Inhuman Princess**,
That moments Peace our reconciliation brought?
Or is't impossible my joys shou'd know thee
Date of one small hour: but to retort that
Poyson to your Heart with which you have
Infected mine, know that your **Minions** lost
For ever to your Charms.

Hom. Not dead, my Lord.

Prince of Libar. Then you avow him such; see if the bloud
Has not forsook her Cheeks, and left her
Beauties pale; I'll try if Jealousy, my
Curst Tormentor, can have power to send the **Roses** back;
Your Lover doats to death upon the **Princess**:
I'm sorry for my Sisters sake, but **Bassima's**
Bright Vertue leaves no suspicion of a stain;
Like a Divinity, she teaches Fear
And Reverence to all who worship her.

Hom. May we not see this Goddess, will she not
Deign, with the Divinity you mention,
To Grace our little Court; or must I pay
My Adorations at her own.

Prince of Libar. No **Homais**, 'tis too dangerous a World,
For Ladies of your Temper; I have declin'd
Seeing my Nephew here, least the Court ride
Of Liberty shou'd drown your Fame, where in
The fatal Wreck, my Life cou'd never scape.

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The Tempest.

Hom. Then I'm it seems confin'd, till Age, or Grief
Presents me Death, the work will not be long
A doing: What signifies the Crown upon my head,
When none can see how well the Circle fits,
How rich and sparkling are the Diamonds,
The Pearls how Orient; and how well such
Glory suits the wearers Face.

Enter Selima attended.

Sel. My only Brother, welcome to my heart;
I had much sooner ran to give you joy,
And tell you mine, but that I know, when
Lovers meet all other Visitants are
But Intruders.

Prince of Libar. My dearest *Selima*,
I design'd this favour in your Lodgings,
But every where from you 'tis welcome.

Sel. I am going on a Visit to the Camp,
(The Visier sends he cannot leave the Prince)
And hope, at my return, better to speak
The transport of my Joy, for your Arrival.

Prince of Libar. I'll wait you to your Chariot.

Hom. Dull Princess.

Thou art a Tool I must employ, to make
The work, I labour with, compleat: *Admat*
Dost thou not think my Projects all aground,
And my spent Vessel ready to be wreckt;
But yet I'll not despair, Revenge does
Aid my Love, and from within, I feel
Undoubted Omens of success.

In this Extremity all Aids I'll try,
For he must either love, or I must die.

[Ex. Ladies.]

[Exeunt omnes.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Pavillion Royal.

Osman and Ismael.

Osma. **W**hat boots it thus to drag a wretched being,
A Lifeless lump, without any ray of hope;
By Heav'n, I'll lay me down, and breathe my soul
In sighs, at my too cruel Sovereigns feet;
There

The Royal Mischief.

There grasp with my cold hands her flying
Beauties, till I have urg'd her glorious Eyes
To shed some pitying Tears.

Ism. Rouse up your self, and bear you like a Man,
The Lord of Womankind, born to Command
That Sex which we intreat, but when we whine
At your romantick rate, we move not love,
But scorn, they like the forward and the bold,
For Virtue in such Souls is like their form,
Only exterior Beauty, worn to deceive
The credulous World, and buy Opinions
From the common rout—

But when they meet a Lover to their wish,
They gladly throw the borrow'd Veil aside,
And naked in his Arms disclose the cheat.

Osm. You speak of common Women, are those fit
To meet comparison with our blest Princess,
Of whom 'tis Blasphemy to think her Mortal
To any but our Lord the Prince.

Ism. Fine stuff.

What, do you doat upon a new found Species?

I thought you lov'd her, as she was a Woman,

As nature bids us love, not with Platonick

Nonsense; when you have reckon'd all her

Beauties up, the Sex is loveliest in her:

Bate that Circumstance and a fair Picture

Does the Work as well, if she be a Woman,

Resolve to win her, and the work is done:

Is she d'think the only frozen of

Her Sex, whom the hot Sun of love can't melt.

Osm. Thou art a Libertine, and thinkst all Humankind

As eager for enjoyments as thy self.

Ism. I think you shon'd with such a prize in view,

Or else forego your Title of a Man,

Strip off these borrow'd Ornaments, and take

An Eunuchs garb and rank; by Love the

Universal Worlds great Lord, were Las her,

I wou'd not give one smile to so much weakness.

Osm. She has Commanded, on the Torment of my Life,

Not to presume to name my love again.

Ism. She doubts the Consequence—

Her Sexes frailty can't resist the

Battery, the next attempt lays all her

Beauties prostrate. O Vicer, had I but

The prospect of thy Joys, to Morrow Sun

Shou'd never touch the West, till I had

Bath'd, nay wanton'd, in that Sea of Pleasure.

Osm.

The Royal Mischief

Osm. Alas, I dare not raise my thoughts that way.

For as I told you, when I urged my love,

She chid me into everlasting silence;

And on those hard conditions, gave her hand,

In token of forgiveness.

Ism. Her blest hand;

By Heaven it was too mighty earnest;

Her heart long since was yours, and the bright

Body, next will follow. O I could crush

Thee now, with Envy at thy Joys; for though

I wish thee happy, I shall die to know

Thou art so; not that I love her more than

As she is a Woman, the brightest of her kind.

Next the *Libardian* Princess, whose Charms

I never yet saw equal'd.

Osm. Why *Ismael*,

Because ye have enjoy'd, do you praise a Lady

Guilty of all those Passions which a Woman's

Breast can breed; her Vertue, Senses, Fame, are

All made Slaves to Luxury, lewd in her

Nature, Gilting from her Cradle, void of

Religion and Morality, she knows no

Tie of Conscience, nor Affection, rather

Than loose what her vile sense calls Pleasure.

Murder and Incest wou'd be easy Crimes,

Had she but power to act, as sure she

Has the will, the Earth wou'd groan to bear her.

Ism. I prais'd her not

For any thing but Beauty, and what Eye

So ever sees it, must allow her that.

Osm. I grant her form is Excellent, but sure

My Princess, does as much deserve our wonder.

Hast thou forgot the time when thou didst play

The Orator on her Perfections, and

I cou'd scarce be heard, but as thy Echo.

Ism. I am not at such odds with my remembrance,

To need so strickt a reconciliation.

Osm. Give me leave, 'tis the fond Lovers Pleasure,

Still to be speaking of the thing they love;

I'll pass the Circumstance of War, and lead

You to that Scene where first we saw the Princess

Retired, according to the *Abean* Mode,

To pass in Tents the raging Summers heat,

Far as she thought, from the rude noise of War,

Surrounded with a train of sixty Ladies,

All bright as Stars, fit Nymphs for such a Goddess

Her self more than *Diana* fair, than *Venus* lovely.

The Royal Mischief.

Drest with such negligence as left her swelling
Snowy Breasts, and her white Arms, all naked
To the gazers view; how often have I blest
That friendly Planet, by whose officious heat
Those dazzling Beauties were reveal'd.

Ism. You doat and yet want Courage for the joy,
Our Sex can never bear themselves too bold,
Provided still we lay the stress on love;
For when we warmest urge our fierce desire,
The self-conceited she mistakes the Cause;
Nor nicely weighs the influence of temper,
But thinks them all strong Arguments of Passion
Which nothing but her Beauty cou'd inspire.

Osm. I cannot think she loves me.

Ism. Yet when we first surpriz'd her in the Forest,
Our Warlike Party struck such terror to
Her Train, that not one Guard, nor Slave, but fled
As fast, as their wild fear cou'd carry 'em;
She stood alone unmov'd, and to my sense,
Her darting looks spake much more love than fear;
For at her Feet, when you had laid your Sword,
She bad you take it up, and said, she did
Not fear that hand wou'd ever ill imploy it.

Osm. That minute look't my liberty away;
For when my gracious Conqueress saw her self
My Prisoner, she blush'd, confest her Quality,
And said her Father wou'd not let her long
Be such. I told her, I was more her Slave,
And in that newness of my love, spoke things
Which even thy boldness did condemn;
At last I tore my self from this Inchantress,
Nor took advantage of the Chance of War,
But left her free, and at her own dispose,
Which when she saw, she bow'd, and smiling said,
She never shou'd forget her Conquerour.

Ism. 'Twas well our Party knew her not,
The Gallantry had cost you else your head.

Osm. After Victory the Peace soon follow'd.
And I was sent by Proxy to espouse her;
Since that I have not dar'd to speak of love,
Nor interrupt the joys our Sovereign gives,
With my too fatal Melancholy Fate.

Ism. Do you not see she's fallen at her Fortune,
And smiles not on the Prince but with constraint;
Her Eyes have lost that shining Power, with
Which they darted on us in the Forest;
She now appears musing, reserv'd, and sad,

The Royal Mischief.

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To me 'tis plain that he has not her heart.
Press her again, and if she not avow
It's yours, discard me from your Friendship.

Osm. I will, for though she banish me for ever,
I cannot be more wretched than I am,
But O, I must not think on her high joys,
Least I grow Giddy, with the distant prospect,
And lag beneath, when Love calls on to climb.

Enter a Slave.

Slave. The Princess *Selima* allighted at your Tent.

Osm. Tell her, I wait upon her instantly,
How shall I look upon that injur'd Princess,
When cold Civility, is all my treat,
Undone by want, and yet have too much Love,
But since no ill is such, to us till known,
I'll keep the wounding secret from her Ear,
And be unhappy to my self alone.

Ism. This Visier stands betwixt me and the seals,
His Death procur'd the Ministry were mine;
No way so likely to remove him thence,
As his mad doating Passion for the Princess,
Which for that reason I incourage in him;
To the Protector I have told the secret,
Whose jealousy will never let it rest
Till he has lodg'd it in bright *Homais* Breast,
From whence her sure revenge will strike such fires,
As well continued may the Hero send
To seek in unknown Worlds his Sorrows end.

Enter Acmat.

Acma. My Lord your'e welcome from the Wars in peace.

Ism. Thou blest contriver of my highest joys,
How fares my ever Charming Princess?

Acma. O much more Beautiful than ever, this
Year has brought a wonderful addition,
Each day discloses something new, though to
Have seen the perfect Charmer, one wou'd have
Thought long since 'twas an accomplish'd work, and
Nature cou'd not add another Beauty.

Ism. May I not visit her to night.

Acma. Where is the Prince of Colchis.

Ism. At Dinner with the Princess.

Acma. Are we private.

Ism. We are.

Speak

Speak what thou hast to say and do not fear.

Actm. My Lord, where Gratitude and Interest join.

There we may hope to find fidelity :

'Tis on this Rock my Princess builds her hopes.

If they succeed the Visiers Seat is yours :

But I have news will strike your heart with

She loves your Prince, and much I fear will die

If not belov'd again.

Isin. Impossible.

He knows her not, nor has she ever seen him.

Actm. Love enters at the Ears as well as Eyes,

His Fame has toucht her mind, his Form her heart.

For though you had forsook her Arms for

And left the beauteous Circle unemploy'd

The little God gave new desires, as loath

To lose so bright a Vot'ry, and caus'd her

Languish for a Prince unknown ; my Lord,

Help the fatal mischief on, made her the

Present of his Nephews Picture——

By which she so indulg'd her fond desire.

That soon her reason fled and left her heart

A prey to Passion, nor cou'd her Stars resist it.

Isin. *Levan* indeed by nature is so warm

So true a Lover of the charming Sex,

That 'tis the only hint of humane

Frailty in him, nor can his temper catch

A blaze, from any other fire, though to his

Wife, whom Policy made such ; he seems

To wear the effects of duty more than love.

Actm. Therefore this Picture can create a new

Her Eyes have more than magick Art, to light 'em,

Con'd he but see 'em once, the work were done ;

Move him to view this wonder of her Sex,

And raise his pity for her hard confinement

And if you find it proper move the love

Which *Osman* bears his Princess, to

I have dispatcht a Letter, the stile and

Character, to her unknown, which brings the

Fatal News, by which we have a perfect

Spy upon them both ; her Jealousy will

Never let it rest till she has explor'd the

Secret to our wish.

Isin. I'll prove the chance, when Dinner

He comes this way to lead the Princess

To her private Lodgings, and there he leaves

To an hours repose ; but I, I bring him

Forth to view the Castle, the old Protector

Will engross the visit, and *Homais* but
Be satisfied in part.

Actm. We have drencht him,
With an Opiat draught, whose powerful
Charms he'll not be able to throw off, still
He has paid the Tribute of eight hours sleep;
If our propitious Stars but join, there may
Be wonders wrought e'er then to make you great,
And *Homais* happy.

Ism. To compass both, I'll
Run the hazard of *Levan's* displeasure,
And rather crush my Fortune than her hopes.

A flourish of Musick, then enter Levan, leading Bassima, the Ladies following,
they pass over the Stage.

Ism. Soft rest wait on your Majesty, *Actmat.*
Withdraw, the Prince will instantly return;
Occasion speaks, and we must haste to answer,
The glowing Metals ready on the Anvil,
And Fate calls on to strike.

Lev. I have a new-born dullness hangs upon me,
A mighty heaviness, unknown till now;
I fear my Fate is busy for some change,
And this the sure Forerunner of the Tempest.

Ism. Suppose you try the Princess's Arms—
Those mighty joys which she can give,
Wou'd steal this heavy dullness from your heart,
And send it to your Eyes in golden slumbers.

Lev. I wou'd have staid—the term'd over—
And I love nothing by constraint.

Ism. How, refuse your Company, my Heaven?
I do not like the News, a Wife shou'd wake
Her self to watch her Husbands slumbers.

Lev. Is their such complaisance in Marriage?

Ism. In love I'm sure there is—and unless you
Will exclude that Passion from it—
This and much more attends the Union.

Lev. My Lord, you are experienced in the Art,
Describe me such a Woman whose cold
Civility makes all her liking.

Ism. In those who truly love they meet its joys;
With as much eagerness as we can give;
Their glowing Lips, their sparkling dying Eyes,
Speaks rapture all; they grasp us close, and give
Their Souls in kisses: words are too gross to

Mingle with such Pleasures; the sacred
Mystery transcends our sense, and better
Sutes our wonder than description.

Lev. This is not what I askt.

Ism. This is the general Character, nature
Has lent that common softness to the Sex;
They're Lovers all, or else they are not Woman;
Though I must own a Husband may not
Always be the object of desire.

Lev. What does the Woman then?

Ism. She who likes her Lover more,
Loaths the inclosure of her Husbands Arms,
Coldly receives his Kisses and his Vows,
And answers all his eager joys with sighs:
But they are sighs of sorrow not of love,
And when he urges her unkindness to her,
She lays it on the coldness of her temper,
Though to her Lover she's at hot as flames,
The silly Husband must believe her Ice,
Which nothing natural has pow'r to thaw
But love, being the original of all;
Nothing that's made by love can live without it.

Lev. By Hell, thou hast described the Princess
As right as if with me thou hadst Mars'd her Arms.

Ism. Sacred Sir, I must not mean her Majesty.

Lev. I wish I cou'd not mean her neither.

O *Ismael*, thou hast rais'd a Hell of doubts
Deep, horrid deep, ne'er to be fathom'd more
But by thy self, prove that she loves another,
For 'tis most certain she is cold to me.

As Marble Tombs, or Snow on tallest Hills

And I'll renounce at once her Love and Bed,

For sake the ungrateful Partner of my Throne,

And give her Beauties up to strictest justice;

But for her Minion who so e'er he be,

That durst presume to mingle with my joys,

And taste uncall'd, the Royal Fear of Kings;

Though but in thought he had offended, yet

His Guardian Angel shou'd not save his Head;

The Minute, that I know the Wretch, he dies.

Ism. To Morrows Sun shall bring you further News.

Till then, conceal your doubts, and this discovery

And if I mark you not the Traytor plain,

May all your indignation fall on me,

And let me, meet that death which he deserves.

Lev. Be sure thou dost it, for Royal Anger

Shou'd not be unjustly rais'd, the fatal

Blaze burns all, it lightens on, and is not
Kindled right, proves worse than lenity.
I'll hug no more the Inchantress in my Arms;
Nor give her cause to laugh at my Indulgence,
Till I have prov'd her Vertue clear, if not
We part for ever.

Ism. Suspend these troubled Thoughts,
Unbend your Cares, and give your Eyes the leave,
To view the only Miracle of Beauty,
Your Uncle's Wife, has sure engross'd the Spleen;
But I'de forgot, an Eunuch waits without,
Sent by her Orders; will you please to
Admit him?

Lev. From *Homais*! let him Enter.

Acm. Long live the Glorious Prince of *Colchis*;
For thus by me my Royal Mistress Speaks;
May all his Undertakings meet Success,
Great as his Merits, equal to her Wishes;
May Fortune in his Cause, change her Inconstancy,
And lose for him, the Name of fickle Goddess.
She wou'd have come her self to bind this Prayer,
Had not her Inclinations been debar'd:
But tho she never be so blest, to meet your Eyes,
Tho Everlasting distance prove her Lot,
Dividing what her strong Desires has join'd,
She begs you keep this little Picture for her sake.

Lev. My Lord, has not the Painter flatter'd her?

Ism. Sir, I think he scarce can do her Justice,
She has Charms, which Art can never copy.

Lev. Then she is sure above all Mortal Frame,
Her Eyes have Rays, her Face a Glory thro'
The whole, that strikes full at my Heart;
Now when I put the Colours to my Lips,
My Heart flew at the touch, eager to meet
Her Beauties; I'll gaze no more, there's Magick
In the Circle.

Acm. Sure there's a Sympathy between you, for
Thus she bears her, when she sees your Picture,
Which drawn at length, almost as Gracious as
The Original, is the chief Ornament
Of her Apartment, answering
Exactly to her waking Curtains.
How often have I seen this Lovely Venus
Naked, extended, in the gaudy Bed,
Her snowy Breasts all panting with desire,
With gazing, melting Eyes, survey your Form.

And wish in vain, 't had Life to fill her Arms.

Ism. The God of Love forbids you to deceive her.

Such Cruelties can never suit the Brave,

Courage and Clemency, are equal Virtues;

A Hero shou'd extend to all his Mercy.

But mostly sure, to those who Love, and

Languish for him.

Lev. Ple hear no more, y' are Charmerers all,

And I am to my self the worst deceiver.

Acm. Then shall I tell the wretched Lady,

You have refus'd her Love, nor dare I urge it more.

Lev. Alas! I dye for that, as much as she,

But our hard Fate has parted us for ever.

Acm. Is this then, what your Majesty returns?

Lev. Tell her, her Charms have wondrous Power,

And were we both at liberty to choose,

This Night shou'd see her mine, but there's a

Noble Lord, the Partner of her Bed,

Who I can never wrong.

Acm. Nor cou'd you, tho' he found you there, 'tis none

To take, what cannot fit anothers use;

What boots the empty Name, without possession,

The love of Nature has Divorc'd him from her,

Her Beauty lies neglected by his side,

Nor is he other than a Proxy sent,

Sent to Espouse, but never Taste

The Virgin Fruit, as yet remain untoucht,

And if not pluck'd by you, must fall ungather'd.

Ism. Are you a Man, and can resist this offer?

Refuse her Love, and kill her with disdain;

At least, in gratitude, you shou'd provide

To make the Charmer easie in her Chains;

'Tis pity, that a Light, which might have cheer'd

All Eyes, shou'd be it self condemn'd to darkness.

Come, Sir, the Castle is in view—

Or will you stay, and dally with a Wife

That loaths your Arms, and sports in anothers.

Lev. That Thought is Death, and every Place where she

Has bin, is Hell to my sick Thoughts,

Lead to the Castle, there my Fortune calls me,

Be't good or ill, I'll now obey the Summons,

Eunuch be gone, and tell her I am coming;

But bid the Lovely Princess veil her Charms,

In pity to my Fate, lest if they shine

Too bright, they dazle my weak sight for ever.

Ism. 'Twere not amiss, for fear this Vault, to

Observing Eyes, shou'd seem to stare.

The Royal Merchant

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To give your Orders, that the Princess, when
She wakes, attended by the *Visier*, may
Meet us at the Castle.

Lev. Then see it done,
And yet methinks I won'd avoid her sight,
Till the great Tryal of her Vertue's past.
O how unconstantly our Fortune turns,
One Hour in Joy, the next with Sorrow mourns.

[Exit *Omnes*]

ACT III. SCENE I

The Castle of Phasias

Enter Homais alone.

Hom. **H**E Sleeps as sound, as if he never were
To wake again, now cou'd one ask him, what
Avails his Prisons, Spies, and Jealousies,
Wou'd he not say, a Woman's Wit
Had made them fruitless all—
Strickt silence fills the Lodgings, the Musick's placed,
The Banquet's ready, and I more so than all,
Will he not come, 'tis a long Parly:
Methinks on such a Summons, he shou'd grow
Fond of a Surrender; but hence be gone
These Melancholy Doubts that loads my Thoughts,
And turns them into Fears; the Fantoms
Cannot stand, the day break off my Eyes
Ay, see they fly before this Lovely Face,
My Hopes glow in my Cheeks and speak my Joy,
My Eyes take fire at their own Luster, and
All my Charms receive addition from themselves,
Pleas'd at their own Perfection.

[Looks in her Glasses]

Enter Acmat.

Acmt. The Prince is coming, he follows hard
Upon the Scent, and soon the Royal Hunter
Will press on to find your Charms at bay,
He seems disgusted at the Princess;
You have a Nobler Game to play,
Let him not find you Vicious, and his Throne
And Bed are surely yours for ever.

The Royal Mischief

How! What to conceal desire, when every
 Atom of me trembles with it, I'll strip
 My Passion naked of such Guile, lay it
 Undrest, and panting at his feet, then try
 If all his Temper can resist it.
 But heark the Sign, the Prince is coming,
 My Love distracts me, where shall I run,
 That I may gather Strength to stem this Tide
 Of Joy, thou'd he now take my Scales in
 Their hurry, the Rage my Passion gives, wou'd
 Make my Fate more sudden, than severest
 Disappointments: Coward Heart, dar'st thou not
 Stand the Enjoyment of thy own Desires;
 Must I then grant thee time, to Reason with.
 Thy weakness, be gone, and see thou do not
 Trifle Moments, more rich than all the
 Blooming Years thou hast past.

[Musick flourish]

[Goes in:]

Song and Musick, set by Mr. Eccles, and Sung by
 Mrs. Leveridge.

Unguarded lies the wishing Maid,
 Distrusting not to be betray'd,
 Ready to fall, with all her Charms,
 A shining Treasure to your Arms.

Who hears this Story must believe,
 No Swain can truer Joy receive,
 Since to take Love, and give it too,
 Is all that Love for Hearts can do.

Enter Levan and Ismael.

Lev. Since I have enter'd this Inchant'd Palace,
 And trod the ground where Homais dwells,
 Methinks I walk in Clouds, and breath the Air of Love;
 There's not a Strain the Musick gave,
 But melted part of my Resolves.
 Where's the Protector, my sinking Vertue
 Needs a Prop, it staggers far, and much I
 Doubt; will never recollect again.

Isma. No matter, let the painted Idol fall,
 A Tomb so rich, as Homais's Arms,
 Wou'd make one fond of Fate—Look back to Ages
 Past, and say what Heroes thought not Love his

[Exit:]

The Royal Mischief

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Richest Purchase, that gave their Swords the
Keenest edge, and sent them round the Universe,
To hunt Applause from the fair Mouth of some
Exalted Charmer.

Lev. You speak of lawful Loves, were mine but such,
I'de gladly lose the Rank of Kings, yet find
More Joys than ever circled in a Monarch's Crown;
But incest shocks my Nature, blisters my
Tongue, and carries Venome in it—Avant,
Be gone, and do not crowd my Thoughts, I'de tear
My Reason from its center, ere that shou'd
Make it giddy; Divorce my Body from
Its Life, rather than wallow in such Mud;
And yet the gathering Cloud, looks monstrous black;
Shou'd it once burst, 'twou'd surely scatter Fate.

Ism. For shame, bely not thus our Sexes Courage,
Forgive me, Sir, I'm zealous for your Joys,
I'll fetch the Princess's Eyes, and try, if they'll
Not make you blush your Cowardise away.

[Goes in, and returns with Homais.]

Lev. By Heav'n, a greater Miracle than Heav'n can show,
Not the bright Empress of the Sky
Can boast such Majesty, no Artist cou'd
Define such Beauty, see how the dazzling
Form gives on, she cuts the yielding Air, and
Fills the space with Glory, Respect shou'd carry
Me to Hers, but Admiration here has
Fixt my Feet unable to remove.

Hom. Where shall I turn my guilty Eyes——
O! I cou'd call on Mountains now to sink my Shame,
Or hide me in the clefts of untry'd Rocks,
Where roaring Billows shou'd outbeat Remembrance.
Love which gave Courage, till the Trial came,
That led me on to this Extravagance,
Proves much more Coward than the Heart he fills,
And like false Friends in this Extremity,
Thrasts me all Naked on to meet a Foe
Whose sight I have not Courage to abide.

[Leans on Ismael, and holds her Handkerchief to her Face.]

Lev. Permit me, take this envious Cloud away,
That I may gaze on all the Wonders there;
O do not close those Beautious Eyes, unless
Indeed you think, there's nothing here deserves
Their shining.

Hom. The Light in yours, Eclipses mine,
See they wink, and cannot bear your luster;
O, cou'd I blush my Shame away, then I

Would

Wou'd say your Charms out-go my Wishes,
And I'm undone by too much Excellence.

Lev. As Strangers, a Salute is due, were the
Protector here, he'd not refuse it.

'Tis Extasie and more—— What have I done! I feel
Her Heart beats at her Lips, and mine flies up
To meet it; see the Roses fade, her swimming
Eyes give less'ning Light, and now they dart no more!
She faints, by Heav'n, I've caught the Poyson
Too, and grow unable to support her.

Acem. He's caught, as surely as we Live,
Her Eyes have truer Magick, than a Phylster.
We'll not intrude into a Monarch's Secrets,
The God of Love himself is painted Blind;
To teach all other Eyes they shou'd be veil'd
Upon his Sacred Misteries.

Ism. Whilst we were gaining of the Castle gates,
He shew'd such fits and starts of Noble Temper,
So much his Vertue strove to mount desire,
That had I not bin there, the Holy Part
Had surely Conquer'd.

Acem. The Musick speaks, the Princesses approach.

Ism. Let us withdraw, and leave her to her Fate;
The Visier, taught by me, will on the first
Fair Minute, tempt her ruin; pity indeed,
Such Innocence shou'd fall, but Interest
Is a state much unacquainted with remorse.

Enter Selima alone.

Sel. I have gain'd this place before them;
Now if the fatal Letter ben't a Lyar, the
Guilty Pair will take advantage of our
Absence, and here employ swift time to the
Worst Mischief, but shou'd I find it once
(For on surmise I never will condemn him)
My Lord and I must part for evermore.
They come——here I'll abscond me for the time;
In Love all Stratagems are lawful.
That serves to show, if what we Love deserves it.

Enter the Princess, Ballina, led by the Visier.

Ofm. Yet e're your Majesty removes,
Be pleas'd to hear your wretched Lover speak,
O do not turn that gracious Form away.

There

The Royal Mischief

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There is no Spark of Ill attends my Flame,
Refin'd by you, it lives without desire;
Permission to explore my Wands, and tell
My unquenchable Goddess, I adore her,
Cruel, discourteous, tho' she be the
Extent of my Petition.

Bass. Do you not know that I am fond of Glory?
Am born a Noble, Venerable Prince;
Just Married to a Royal Husband,
Whose Love and yours admit of no compare;
His like a lawful Household Flame, design'd
For Use, not Mischief; gives moderate
Warmth, and wholesome Heat; your flame the narrow
Bounds, and soars aloft, where it reaches
It Consumes; with sure Destruction seizes
All the Fabrick, lays waste the noble Pile,
And of a goodly Building, makes a Heap of Ashes.

Os. No, let the Urn be only fill'd with mine;
To those incendiary Eyes Ple offer
Up their long'd for Sacrifice:
No more will I offend your happy Lord;
Your Royal Birth——nor Idol Honour——
The Count's too large for my low state
To Reckon with——

This Hour I take me from your Eyes,
Never to see 'em more——
Nor will I ask the Tribute of your Tears,
Tho' so severe a Fate might well deserve it:
So true a Love, so Innocent a Flame;
A Heart, which scorn'd by you——
Disdains its Native Seat——
Loaths the Anxiety it finds within;
And tempts me beyond Life, to seek a better,
Where no remembrance of your Scorn intrudes;
For when the sick'ning Soul once takes her flight,
Once rests her Wings on that Eternal Night,
She bids an Everlasting, long adieu
To all the World, and all she valu'd too.

Bass. First stay, and hear a Wretch, more such than you,
Methinks thus taught, I grow in love with Fate,
And long to share in yours——But I shou'd speak
No more, since speaking is a Crime——Go then,
And leave me here to weep a Loss
Will be truly mine.

Os. Rich Tears! What Power lies in those falling drops,
They rivit me more fast than thousand Chains,
And makes that Fate, which now appears so fair,

Com

Compar'd with that rich Life which you can give
 Horrid, Deform'd, and Sordid;
 Such as my happier state would most avoid,
 Fit only to deceive despairing Mortals;
 Whose bitter Cups are brim full, running o'er
 With the soft flatt'ring Tale, of lasting bliss
 From Pain, and thought of Pain.

Bass. 'Tis I then that should seek that Land of Bliss,
 For I am all which you have nam'd,
 Wretched, Forlorn, and desperate: O that
 Eternal Power, that first made Fate,
 If I have sin'd, 'twas by your own Decree
 Why send you Passions, of Desire and Love,
 And then Command those Passions to obey,
 When long foreseeing that we could not
 Doom us Rewards of everlasting bliss
 Where's then the kindness to their misery
 Cast in a Form, they vainly call their own
 Fond Ignorance, for they are all Divine,
 Exempt from what unhappy Mortals fear;
 Nor can their Beings fail, like those who wander here
 Hence then, thou false receiv'd Relief, be gone,
 And let us see, we're like our selves alone.

Os. Who gives my Princess Grief?

Bass. You, only you.

The Earth's united Hatred could not harm
 Me, equal to your Kindness; it strikes at
 Innocence and Fame, and lays my Virtue
 Levels with the vilest,
 Makes Marriage an uneasy Bondage
 And the Embraces of my Lord, a loathsome
 Pennance; what would you more, the time it costs
 That I must speak, to make my Ruin certain,
 Like some Prophetick Priestess, full of the
 God that rends her, must breath the baleful
 Oracle, or burst: My crowding Stars just
 Now appear to fight, and dart upon me
 With malignant Influence; nor can my
 Reason stop the dictates of my Heart;
 They Echo from my Mouth in sounds of Love,
 But such a Love as never Woman knew:
 'Twas fur'ly given by Fate, I would have said,
 From Heaven, but that inspires but good,
 And this is surely none.

Os. The good is all to come, the ill is past
 Believe me, Madam, I who feel the Change
 The Happy turn, your kind complaint has brought,

Tho' I before, thought Life a worthless Rag,
A Garment of too vile a price to wear,
Would not now change it for a Monarch's State.

Bass. You draw too nigh —
For fenc't about with Chastity and Glory,
Which like a Magick Circle shall enfold me:
You must not hope to pass the sacred round,
Lest sure Destruction prove our Lot for ever.

Ofm. One splendid Day o're-rates a scanty Age,
Who would not be ten Thousand Years a Wretch,
To be one Hour a God! — So great a Blessing
As your Love, was never meant a Curse;
Or if it were, who would not be for ever
Curst, to be but once so blest.

Bass. You like a Lover entertain your Fancy;
But I have still the fatal Land in view,
Where Death of Honour waits on that of Life.
Now let us part, lest we should meet on that;
See, at your Feet I beg for Life and Fame:
Nay, do not interrupt me, I'll not rise,
Could I have found Relief from Heaven, or hence, [Pointing to her breast]
I had not kneel'd to you;
My inauspicious Fate comes fast upon me.
You, only you, can stop its headlong Course:
I charge you then, by Honour, Glory, Fame,
By Love, the mighty God that now torments me,
You yield me not, a sinful Slave, to Death;
Torn in my Conscience, mangled in my Vertue;
But fly from hence, never to see me more;
Or should you stay, dare not to meet my Eyes
With yours, those tell-tales of your Passion,
Lest I break rudely from my Husband's Arms,
And fly to Death in yours.

Ofm. Can that be Death to you, which gives me Life?
Now whilst I raise your Beauties from the Ground,
I feel such Joys as Life knew not before.
O! How can I, in one short moment,
Lavish the Treasure of my Life away,
At least allow me time for my undoing,
For Death or Life were a more equal Choice.
Permit me, to attend you to the Prince,
And in your Ev'ning Walk I'll wait you
With my last Resolves.

Bass. See they agree with mine,
And then in spite of Love, or Stars, or Fate,
We will be guiltless, tho' Unfortunate. [Exeunt]

The Royal Mischief.

Re-enter Selima.

Sel. Ah Syren, how she Sings my Lord to ruin;
 Ah Visier, am I thus repaid, I made
 Thy Fortune, but I cou'd not make thee Love:
 But oh my wrongs shou'd not admit Reflection,
 Revenge and Jealousie are enter'd here,
 They spread their Sails, and must my Fortunes steer. **[Exit.]**

SCENE draws, and discovers Levan and Homais, Ismael and
 Acmat, in waiting.

Lev. Where has this Moments transport led me,
 To Joys untold, unprov'd, unthought till now?
 Thou Goddess, who has taught me best to Love,
 Receive my Thanks, for thy enlightning Power,
 Nor is there any due to my past Vertue,
 What Praise to stand, when no Temptation's near
 No sooner had this Sun shone with full force,
 But that it burst the brittle Toy to pieces.
 Honour and Justice are low sounds, can scarce
 Be heard, when Love is named——
 Where's the Protector? I'll wait him on my Knees,
 And since he has not enjoy'd, urge him by all
 The Love he bears me, by that he Swore, my
 Dying Father, when to his Care he gave
 The Royal Trast, to bless my Youth,
 With what can never fit his Age.

Ism. His Grant will in conjunction meet your
 Other Stars, for e're swift time has slipt o're
 Many Hours, you shall have Proof so plain.
 Of Bassimas's Injustice, that you shall think
 It none to part with her for ever,
 And with this brighter Constellation fill her room.

Acmat. The Princess waits you at the Banquet,
 When she returns, my Royal Mistress,
 If she pleases; must attend her, and e're
 Next rising Phœbus walks his Cirque,
 Your Joys shall be as Lawful, as they're Great.

Hom. Impossible, for I've Embrac'd a God,
 No Mortal Sence can guess his Excellence,
 Where the Divine Impress has bin,
 A pleasing trickling cools through all my Veins,
 And tempers into Love, what else would be
 Distraction.

A Dance, Performed by Indians.

Lev. I minded not the Sports, you only fill
 My Sight, how cou'd I chuse but doat,

Where

Where Gratitude and Merit meet, to Grace
Each other ; one draws my Heart, the other
Charms my Reason.

Hom. Shew to the Banquet.

Lev. In vain I go,
Love has reduced my Senses all to one,
And I can feast, on nothing else but you.

[Exeunt Omnes.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Curtain flies up, to the sound of Flutes, and Hoboyes, and discovers the River Phasis, several little gilded Boats, with Musick in them ; a walk of Trees, the length of the House ; Lights fixed in Chrystat Candelsticks to the Branches ; several Persons in the walk, as in Attention ; Homais, and Hmael, come forwards to the front ; the Camp is supposed to be near the Scene.

Song, Set by Mr. Finger, and Sung by Mrs. Hudson.

THE sweets of Peace succeeds the Toyls of War,
Unfading Beauty gilds our Hemisphere,
Rewards with her the Conqueror's Toyls,
No Joy so great as are her Smiles,
No Dart so keen, as from her Eyes are cast,
No Breath so sweet, as what with her is lost,
Then all to Beauty bend their lowly Knee,
And Worship as the Reigning Deity.

The Souldier fill'd with Scars, boasts not a pare
So penetrable as the Warriour's Heart,
Ungentle to his Friends, rough to his Foes,
Beauty can all his Storms compose,
Nor all the Honours of the dusky Field,
Compar'd with her, can one rich Moment yield,
Then all to Beauty, &c.

Grand Chorus.

Then Crown her, Crown her, Crown her, straight,
Crown this Goddess of our Fate,
Adore, Adore, Adoring lye,
She'll raise your Souls to Extasy:
Come all to Beauty bend their lowly Knee,
And worship as the reigning Deity.

Ism. **W**ELL did I Prophecy, my conquering Goddess,
 When first you made me Slave to all your Charms;
 Joyn'd Extasie to Transport, and left me
 Panting with your Beauties, that they were call'd
 To better Fortune than my Arms——Not that
 My Prince can more Adore than I———But
 He wears Crowns, to make his Love more shining;
 O, I shall turn my dazled sight away,
 When I behold him Feasting on your Charms,
 And burn with Envy, more than he for Love.

Hom. Late, when he urged me on the unwelcome Theam,
 If I was un-enjoy'd by the Protector,
 I Swore such things as set his doubts aside;
 Then seeking for what sweets my Lips cou'd give,
 My eager Arms unknowing prest him close,
 Forgetful of feign'd Vertue, or Ambicion;
 This rais'd his Longings to their utmost height,
 That answering all my burning Looks with his,
 And intermingling fervent Sighs and Kisses,
 Not vast Imagination can define
 (Tho' boundless as luxurious Woman's wishes)
 Those Joys which dye upon my Breath unutterable.

Ism. But must your first Adorer have no Favours?
 Will he not be allow'd sometimes a Taste,
 Some small remains of former Heavenly Bounty?
 Methinks you shou'd not sure so far forget
 Those Moments, Sacred to our Love and me,
 When close you graspt me, at your new found Joys;
 An Unbeliever till you prov'd the wonder,
 And felt the mighty Extasie approach;
 Then Swore, what ever Royal Lover shou'd
 Succeed, you never wou'd forget the first
 Discoverer.

Hom. Nor do I, *Ismael*, for I'll serve your Fortunes,
 But for my Heart, the Prince is there already;
 Now in my Arms shou'd I receive another,
 The load wou'd be unpleasing.

Ism. I'll give you leave to fancy I am him;
 For whilst I press you close, and feel your Charms,
 No Circumstance can make the joy uneasy.

Hom. Oh, did you know the difference,
 Between a new born Passion, and a former,
 Nothing remains, but Memory and Wonder,
 Not the least warmth of kind desire or joy,
 Nay scarce can we believe, or make that Faith

A Miracle, how we cou'd deat, as they reproach we did, now for ever
How Love so much, that which at present seems unlovely.

Ism. When Time has worn the gaudy gilding off,
The Sacred Varnish that your liking gives;
He then will seem forlorn and stale as me,
An Object less for Love than Wonder.

Hom. Impossible, he's here, for evermore,
Fixt in my Heart immovable, immortally,
The Lord of all its chauges and desires,
Nor can revolving time present my Eyes
An Excellence, to tempt their Faith from him,
The greatest Excellence.

Ism. Madam, you speak, as eager Lovers use:
Shew me but one, who tho' inconstant as
The rising winds, or flowing Seas, still
Swears not Fealty to the reigning Object;
Nay fancies he shall surely keep it too,
Tho' he has broke ten thousand Vows before;
Took new Desires, new Faith, for every Fair;
And loath'd as much as ever he had lik'd;
'Tis one great Point of Love, first to impose
Upon our own Belief, so self deceiv'd,
Are better fitted to deceive another.

Enter Acmat.

Hom. Wave we this Argument, till time decide it;
'Tis most remote and crols to our Affairs,
That should not dally now, but execute;
For e're your Stars begin to disappear,
There must be Mischief wrought of such a hue,
As, tho' black in it self, will brighten me.

Acmat. The Means is here, wisely you have conceiv'd, *[Shews a Vial.]*
Whilst *Bassima* has Life your Throne will be
Unsetled, for tho' the Prince may wish her Death,
Her Royal Birth will scarce permit it on
Suspicion, and he wou'd cover all his

Walks with Justice; but say that he should doom
Her after, this makes but sure work.

Hom. 'Till ten is all the time we can call ours;
And there's but scanty Sand, 'till that Arrives;
The Opium's force will be expir'd by then,
When he awakes, he will be seiz'd with Rage
And Jealousy, to find me absent; nay, know
In the Camp too: What will he say? late, tho'
It be, he'll venture here, and much fear
Will seize his Right, to the Confusion of

The Royal Mischief.

My hopes for ever.

Acm. Nor has the Princess *Selima*, as yet,
The Engine on which all our Mischief turns,
Found a propitious Hour, to tell her Wrongs;
Tho' now as I departed, your Lover stopt,
And ask'd for Princess *Homais*; uneasily
He cast his Eyes, in search of yours, and seems
Unentertain'd, 'till he can meet them:
Soon as your Charms appear, they'll make their Way,
And draw him farther from the Clinging Croud;
Then let your Sister lay that stamp, as sends
Your Enemies to rest, and makes you rise a Queen.

Hom. This asks more time than Fate will now allow;
Draw near, my Lord, I would not speak too loud,
The Walks of Kings are full of Ears and Eyes,
The Princess falls my Victim to Ambition:
The Visier to revenge and disappointment,
And both are shuffled hence to make your part
Of Greatness, I wou'd not shine without you,
Could the Old Prince but keep 'em Company,
Whil'st *Acmat* holds the Princess *Captiv*
How easie 'twere to hush a sleeping Man,
And send him to his Bed of Rest for ever.

Acm. None but your self could have so well contriv'd;
It saves a tedious, sure Expostulation;
Between *Levan* and him——To you the shame
And Dread of the Reproach, has plaid his part too long;
'Twere time he left the Stage to other Actors.

Is. Madam, I understand you well, but Swear
First, if I do do this (for much it shocks my Soul,
To be my self the Ruffian) Swear,
Charmer, Swear by those bright Eyes that light me
To my Ruin; thou that can'st damn the Race of
Mankind with a Look, and make 'em start to
Crimes they most detested——Swear by this Kiss,
Which steals my Vertue from me——And turns thy
Lover to a murderous Villain——
To bless my longing Arms with their first Joys,
And let me find Reward and Heav'n in yours.

Hom. I swear, my Love, by this repeated Kiss;
But lose no time, an Old Man has
Not Blood to spare, besides 'twould make a noise,
His Breath but stopt, will do the Work and pass
As a Lethargick Fit, to them who knew
His Sleep, but not the Cause.

Is. P'le use the Prince's Name for my Admittance,
When

The Royal Mischief.

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When next you see me, know the Task is done,
Your Eyes shall guide the way to him;
Light in the Dark, and steel my fainting Arm:
But go my Charmer, find your Monarch out,
And set your Sisters Task——whilst I prepare for mine.

[Exit.

Hom. He's in the Walk, and see, he draws this way,
My Sister with him too! Nay then the Ice
Is broke, and I must venture over.

Enter Levan and Selima, attended by a full Court.

Lev. Said you, so kind to him, so cold to me;
Her Marriage an uneasy Bondage,
And my Embrace a loathsome Pennance:
This Hour I cut the Gordian Knot asunder;
Nor in my Arms will more enfold the Sorceress;
O Woman fair, only to outward show
Vell have the Pens of Men and Angels
Been employ'd to paint your Snares!
Well, have the Saints and Fathers taught us to
Beware those Shining Evils, and as we
Love our Souls, avoid their Faithless Charms.

Hom. You shou'd not sure, for one, condemn us all?
For there are Women, who have Truth and Constancy,
As bright and lasting as the noblest Male;
And 'tis a Miracle to my Belief,
How Princess *Bassima* cou'd break them both to you.

Sel. Ay, Madam, there my Wonder meets with yours,
How she could wrong a Prince of so much Worth,
Were she not hotter than the Flames of Hell,
Or the Infernal shee's that yell below;
His Youth and Vigour might have quencht her Fever.

Hom. But are you sure 'tis true, methinks I would
Not willingly believe our Rank held one so bad.

Sel. These Ears and Eyes beheld and heard them both;
How after she had vomited her Black
And Infamous assurances of Hatred
To her Lord; he took the Adulteress in his Arms:
The Serpent, who unhissing, sought to sting him;
And having prais'd, and kiss'd her Close, beg'd that
This Evening Walk might fix their last Resolves.

Lev. And so it shall, but Blood must be the Cement,
Ple hear no more, reserve it for her Judges,
And plead thou then, that they may find her guilty:
My Rage is mounted to that height already,
That should I hear it once again Repeated,

Without

Without their Aid, I should Condemn and Execute,

My Lord,

Assemble straight the Council, and say, I

Will be instantly amongst them;

[To one of the Courtiers, who goes out.

Let the Ambassador from *Abca*, sit

Upon the Bench, in *Osman's* room, he represents

Her Father's Person, and shall not say she

Fell without his Hearing.

Hom. I've heard indeed,

The Amorous Visier, e're the Battle past,

Surpriz'd the Princess and her Court within

A Forest, e're yet the chance of War was cast,

Or fate determin'd; which to make the Vanquish'd,

All know the value of a Prize like that;

The Only Daughter of our Monarch Foe;

He weigh'd it too, but with the Lover's Reason,

Which will have all things sacrific'd to Love,

And therefore only made her Heart his Prize:

In Gallantry he left her Person free,

And promis'd soon to visit her in *Abca*,

There to receive Reward for this important service.

Lev. That Article alone will cost his Head:

A Royal Prisoner should not be releas'd,

But by a Nation's Voice, they both are doom'd;

And if there be but Justice in our Land,

He shall not live to see to Morrow's Sun.

Sel. His Head, alas! said you, his Head, my Lord?

No, let the Curst Adulteress fall—

The gaudy Bait that tempted his weak Faith,

Proud to be made the Royal Eagle's prey;

But do not take his Life, let him be banish'd

From all Eyes but mine:

My Arms shall be the Chains to hold him close,

That he may never trouble you no more.

Lev. All that my Honour will permit, I'll do,

'Till then, prepare to meet the Council:

Come Beautious *Homaiss*, this Hour is due to

Justice; all the rest of Life to love.

[*Exeunt cum suis, marjet Selima.*]

Sel. As her intents were ill, so be her Fate,

I must not pity one that ruins me,

But see my Traytor Husband coming here,

This then's the Meeting Place, He'll not be

Absent long, oh for the Bolts from *Jupiter's*

High Hand, that I might strike their Infamy,

And sink the Syren with unerring Thunder.

Enter

Enter the Visier Osman.

Ofm. The Princess *Homais* settled in our Court,
If not by Love undone, I shou'd by spight;
Than Womans Malice, nothing is so sure:
If we with disappointment meet their Charms,
Once treat their proffer'd Love, with Cheapness,
Or throw the melting Snow-Ball from our Hands,
'Till kindly warmth has turn'd it to a Thaw;
Their Indignation falls like hail around us,
Nor never cease the Storm, 'till Dearth ensue.
This at another time would meet my Care,
When Passion reign'd less Mistress of my Reason;
Of Honour, and of all, now careless grown,
Wounded by Love, no other Power I own;
Thus blindly to my own Destruction run,
Knowing those Ills, which yet I cannot shun,
For with Loves Power, my wretched State's undone.

Sel. Ah Traytor, thou art Blind indeed, not to
Avoid the Person, thou like me hast injur'd.

Ofm. My dearest *Selima*, I saw you not.

Sel. Trust me, I credit you in this;
But where's the Princess, Traytor?

Ofm. What Princess, Madam?

Sel. O! proper stuff to cheat a Womans Ear,
But not a wrong'd one, steel'd like me
To both your Ruins.

Ofm. These are Riddles——What, because you
Heard me argue with my self concerning
Princess *Homais*, your Jealousy's reviv'd;
I tell you now, as I have often said,
That of all Womenkind, she is the last
And worst in my Esteem.

Sel. O I see well the dark Confusion of thy Soul;
How the Blood flushes to your guilty Face,
Then sinks again, and leaves pale Fear behind.
Dost thou not Curse a Wife's Prerogative,
The hard Confinement which that Tie imposes,
Where Law and Conscience speaks against Desire?
Had I not Evidence too strong to be disprov'd,
Your self would witness most against you.

Ofm. If I betray Surprize, 'tis that and absence,
Long as mine, should not have cured Suspicion;
When by our Nuptial Vow, I swear, I have
Declin'd her Sight, because I wou'd your Jealousie.

Sel. In this thou wrongst my Wit as well as Love:
O for the Power of Heaven, to search thy Heart,

Each guilty Corner of that faithless Breast ;
I wou'd to sight of all explore thy Fraud,
Fix my avenging Hand upon thy baseness,
And make thee stand their Object, as thou'rt mine.

Ofm. One of your Woman's fits, I'll leave you to them,
When you're in better temper, I am for you,
'Till then Reason is lost, as well as Innocence.

Sel. Take thy way, mine leads to death of *Bassima* ;
I go to plead my Wrongs, and her Adultery,
Where if the Council find you not, doom both
To suffer largely, as your Sins, yet Heaven's
High hand, will surely search and Punish.

Ofm. I thought I heard you name her Majesty.

Sel. Yes, Traytor ; know I saw and heard thee all,
When at the Castle thou didst break my Heart,
In seeking hers, dy'd for her guilty Love,
Whilst I am lost for thine.

Ofm. Then you have heard a most unhappy Pair ;
Much Innocent, and much Unfortunate ;
And well can tell your self, there's nothing past
In wrong of those Embraces due to you.

Sel. Traytor, the Treason's level'd at my Heart,
Wou'dst take me in thy Arms, and wish it her :
Kiss me in Thought how much her Kiss exceeds ;
Absent to Love, tho' present to your sight :
O the bare Name, wrackt me to that degree,
That I will fly, to make her Judges strike.

Ofm. Stir not, I charge you, from this fatal place,
For she is innocent as Angels are, [Kneels on her Robe.]
Free from the stain, or wish of Evil :
I, only I, am Criminal ———

Wou'dst thou have Vengeance, wrack it on thy Lord,
But spare, O spare her inoffending Charms,
And take thy Husband's Life.

Sel. O Heaven, He comes ! See, Gods, the guilty fair ;
Come to the Adult'rous Meeting with my Lord ;
My aking Senses wo't bear the sight :
Loose me, I will be gone, unless like Lightning
I cou'd blast ye both, turn all her Beauties
To that Monstrous Hue, as shou'd
Bespeak her Fiend in Form, as well as Mind. [Exit.]

Enter the Princess Bassima attended.

Bass. 'Tis an unusual Gallantry, my Lord,
To find a Husband at his Lady's Feet :
I fain would count it as a lucky Omen,

Wou'd

Wou'd you but aid, as I design, we need
Not fear no ill, leave this unhappy Land,
And make the *Abcan* Court your own,
My Father shall receive you next his Heart,
And what his Kingdom can command, shall be
At your dispose.

Osm. O Fate, now are thy Ministers at work,
That scatter Death, and Mischief round the Globe:
Ah Princess, Guiltless as thou art Charming,
These are not times for Vertue to succeed;
See how my Eyes rain Tears, to speak your Wrongs,
My Wife, inrag'd with Jealousie, desires your Death,
And now is parted to declare in Council,
With unthought Aggravations, all the
Story of our wretched Loves.

Bass. My Destiny was striving hard for Light,
And now it breaks upon us.

Osm. But, Madam, there remains one means of safety,
Whilst yet the Council are in close Debate,
We'll get the start of time, and fly to *Abca*;
My Horses, fleet as Wind, will reach that Court
Before to Morrow setting Sun.

Bass. What me, my Lord?
Can you believe so poorly of me,
To think that I would sell my Fame for Life,
And fly with him, who they declare my Lover?
No, were ten thousand Deaths now arm'd against me,
Contending which should first present me Fate,
I would sustain them all, or more, as far
As Life and my Capacity extended,
Rather than seek this guilty means of safety.

Osm. Then fly without me, I'll procure a Servant,
Diligent and faithful to attend you;
Take any means, so you preserve your Life,
Tho' I no more should prove so blest to see you:
I'll to the Port, direct my utmost speed;

Levan, both fears and owns the *Ottoman*
Authority; if I ingage the *Sultan*
On our side, you need not doubt the Arbitration.

Bass. Still would they say, we were combin'd together,
And tho' at present parted, knew to meet again.
No, tho' unhappy, I will trust my Fate;
She strikes but once, tho' she be ne're so sure,
Death is the end, ordain'd for mortal Life;
And if it meets us half upon the Road,
It saves the labour of the rest.

The Royal Mischief.

Enter the Prince of Libardion alone.

P. of Li. Innocent and Wretched Lovers, I have
Much to say, and narrow time to speak :
Now in the Walk, thus muff'd as you see,
Unknown, I have attended *Homais's* steps ;
My leisure shall explain the rest, for now
She prides it as she goes, and fancies all
Our Heads beneath ; your Majesty must take
My Castle as your Refuge ; a Chariot
Waits not far, but whilst the weighty matter
On the Bench, has drawn the Croud to leave the
Walk thus empty : Aid me, my Lord, to seize
My Wife by force ; when she is taken from
My Nephew's Eyes, he may to yours do justice.

Osman. Ten thousand Blessings load your Age for this,
I wait your Highness.

[Exeunt P. of L. and Osman]

Bass. Life, what art thou, that we are fond to keep
Thee ; the wretched, who do daily worse than Die,
Yet would live worse, so they might still preserve thee ?
What we shall be, when dead, kills us whilst living :
O unseen Destiny ! What-e're thou art,
Reveal thy self, and kill us *not with doubts* :
Hark, they have got the Princess ; must I go ?
How will the World Condemn thee for this flight,
And yet I take it with my Husband's Uncle ;
One deeply wrong'd like me, the Cause is common :
Now should I fall 'till time has clear'd my Vertue,
My Fame must perish with me : The Standard
Which the World condemns, or clears us by,
Is not our Innocence, but our Success.

[Shrieks within.]

Enter the Prince of Libardian.

P. of Li. Madam, the Tray'tress is secur'd ;
Thus far Justice has met success,
The Omen's good, be the event the same,
And we will write my Honour and your Fame.

[Exeunt omnes.]

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Royal Apartment in the Castle of Phasia, Homais is discover'd Bound: Then Enter four Mutes, three with Bow-strings, the other with a Bowl of Poison; they rank themselves in dumb show, on one side the Stage.

Then Enter the Prince of Libardian.

P. of Li. **O** UR Castle is investing by *Levan*,
Eager and swift, as Lovers to their Joys,
He flies to his and my undoing;
Yet e're we meet as Foes,
And bring our Quarrel to the fatal Field,
The Wretch that made us such, shall taste my Justice.
See where she lies! O pity, Nature, thou
So much should'st Err; so far bestow thy utmost
Cost upon the Case, and leave the Building Empty;
The lovely Frame exhausted all thy Store,
And Beggar'd thee so far, thou could'st not look
Within, to aid her Wants. Hence monstrous Forms,
And unimagined Ills Inhabit there,
But Death shall fright them thence:
I will not stay to argue with my Wrongs,
For fear her Eyes steal my complaints away.
Be dumb her Charms, let me be Deaf and Blind,
'Till Fate has plaid the mighty part in hand.

Hom. You need not bring your fight to urge my Faults;
They stand full blown to my repenting Eyes;
Sure there are Hours of Ill that wait us all,
And Fate has made us subject to their call;
Tho' some are blacker stain'd than others are,
There's none can say, their Lives were ever fair:
Then on our Guardian Gods be all the fault,
Not having watcht our frailty as they ought;
Back to themselves, I do retort the Blame,
Who carelessly resign our trusted Fame.

P. of Li. It is not wise to wrangle thus with whom
You are to meet so soon.
Behold the fatal Choice! would'st thou be Hours
In dying, here is a Draught will give thee
Time to ask Heaven pardon for thy Sins,
Or if that thou hast fallen beyond its Mercy,
And think'st within thy self, 'tis vain to ask it;
Then here's the Bow-string will be sudden with you;

Dispatch the doubtful Journey thou must take,
 And send thee to thy Home with smaller Cost ;
 They're Cordials all, which but a Friend like me
 Cou'd minister to one so foul, so sick
 To Death, as thou——which shall the Garland wear,
 For having made the odious *Homais* fair.

Hom. They are indeed rich Cordials all, which if
 Not urg'd by you, had met my Wishes :
 Swell'd with the fatal Draught, I shou'd have burst
 These Bonds, that now confine me close, and at
 Your Feet, in Floods of Tears, and oft repeated
 Wishes for Forgiveness, have left my dying Breath.
 Now I shall part displeas'd to think that Love,
 Which oft you swore Proof against any Change,
 Cou'd not survive one Fault.

P. of Li. O Women! exquisite in all that's Ill!
 Were they but wise to shun, as to excuse
 Their Faults, how perfect would they be!
 None that had sinn'd as high as thou——
 Cou'd once have thought my Justice too severe.
 But not to leave you matter for Dislike,
 Your Form I love, tho' I abhor your Faults.
 Did I once listen to what Passion speaks,
 Those lovely Eyes wou'd soon perswade my Heart,
 With all your Guilt, to doat upon their Shrine.
 Therefore no more, to dally with a Flame
 That may confound my Honour and my Reason.
 I will unloose your Bonds,
 And leave you to your self to chuse your Fate.

[Unbinds her, and is going.

Hom. O do not stir unless you wou'd forestall
 The use of these, and make Despair my Doom.
 Thus on my Knees, in Thanks for my Deliverance,
 I'll clasp your flying Feet, nor loose my hold,
 Till you've vouchsafed an Answer to my Prayer:

P. of Li. We minutely expect a sharp Assault,
 Here my Revenge perform'd, I shall have time
 To argue with *Levan* of his Injustice,
 Force him recall that Sentence on his Wife,
 Who by his fawning Council stands convicted
 Of Adultery, banisht for ever all
 Her Husbands Territories, her Eyes put out ;
 Those Lights, which dazled all the gazing Croud ;
 Her Hands, her Nose, her Lips, to be cut off ;
 Then thus exposed, thus branded, thus abused,
 Sent back with Ignominy to her Father ;
 The Visier too, cramm'd in a Roaring Cannon,
 Discharg'd in Air, to expiate the Crime

Of high-placed Love, my Sister Widow'd, and
My self undone, are Ills your Eyes have caus'd:
You Bow-string Mutes approach—
And since she wo' not, I'll determin for her:
Do your Office——

Hom.—Hold, hold, my Lord. Ah Wretch! thou art undone.
Slaves! stay till I require your speed——See, see;
He will not have you be so sudden.
Give me but leave to speak this once,
This only now——and I am dumb for ever.

P. of Li. What canst thou urge of weight to recompense
This Respite, which I borrow of Revenge.

Hom. Nothing, nothing——I but move your Pity:
O think, I charge you, by your own blest'd Soul,
If thus you sink me now amidst my Sins,
What will become of mine?

Eternity, that never-ending Time,
The Present and the Future all in One,
That worse than deadliest Foes could ever think us;
'Tis but the uncharitable Voice of Hell,
That wishes Pain, and Misery for ever,
To give my Body, which you once thought beauteous,
An endless Prey to those affrighting Fiends:
This was your Love, and this your kind Revenge.

P. of Li. Oh! I've a Sea of Tendernefs within me;
And thou hast mov'd my Tears by such a Spring,
That now they flow to drown Revenge for ever.

Hom. My dearest Lord, 'tis more than Safety to
Believe, that yet you love me; to see those
Falling Tears, to hear those rising Sighs,
And know my Soul is precious in your Eyes.
O let me live to make amends for this!
Or else in Hell the Thoughts of my Ingratitude
Will be my strongest Circumstance of Woe.

P. of Li. O *Homais*! say that I should spare thy Life,
And thou shouldst fall again——What Hell were then
Sufficient for Revenge?

Hom. None——None——
Kill in my Sins, and may I burn for ever.

P. of Li. 'Tis Grief for thy Immortal Part, that holds
My Hands; and now I look again upon thee,
That beauteous Frame, had it a Soul to suit
Such Glory, when fading here, might rise an
Ornament to all those shining Courts above.

Heark! the Assault begins.

[Trumpets, &c. as to an Assault.

Remember *Homais*, that thou bearst thee well,
Or else thy Life's my certain Forfeit.

Wait

The Royal Mischief.

Wait on the Princess, bring her Comfort in
Her Sorrows, and say, I will expose my Life to serve her.

[*He leads Homais to the Scene, which opens to her, then closes again ;
the Prince returns, signs away the Mutes, and Exit. Then a long
Alarm, repeated Shouts within, of Long live the Princess Homais.
Long live the Prince of Colchis. Then Enter Homais and Acmat,
with Officers, Guards, and Soldiers.*

Hom. Thanks worthy Soldiers, such are noble Sounds,
That save at once our Lives and Fame from Ruine.
My Lord, by those Designs which *Acmat* has
Delivered, conspired the Fall of both :
Now in a Civil War he fain would steep you,
Defends the Adulterous Princess and her Minion
Against her Godlike Lord, and my Protector :
'Tis to your timely Aid all owe our Safeties ;
And therefore, that *Levan* (who by your means
I entring here) may praise your Diligence,
Haste and secure the Visier from escaping.

Off. Now when the Gates were opened to the Prince,
And *Acmat* had proclaim'd your Interest here,
Osman retreated from the Walls in haste,
Lowdly exclaimed against your Sacred Name,
And with his Sword dividing all our Ranks,
Open'd himself a Passage to the Palace,
And took the way to Princess *Bassima's*
Apartment.

Hom. The Villain helps to shew himself.
Secure the Avenues, let none escape,
Till the victorious Prince arrives ;
And for that sawcy peremptory Priest,
Who sent my Lord on Errand to the Camp,
Secure him close, nor let him eat nor sleep,
Till Death shall close his Eyes. He who durst wake
His Prince, when I ordain'd him Rest, whilst he
Himself has Life, shall never rest.

Off. Your Orders shall be straight obey'd.

Hom. You're worth our Royal Care, and soon shall find
The Effects of all my Promises to all.
Till then my Thanks and Praises shall attend you.

[*Shout.*] Long live the Princess *Homais* !

Hom. Now to your several Posts, and guard the Palace,
My own peculiar Guard attend without ;
After a Moments Conference with *Acmat*,
I do my self intend to meet the Conqueror.

Off. Prospe ity attend your Highness.

[*Exit. Manet Hom. Acmat.*

Acem. I had forgot, the most important News,
Relying on a better Star to govern here,
Soon as the Princess was arriv'd, thirsty
With Flight and Sorrow, I administer'd,
According to our Yesternight's Resolves,
In her Sherbet, the Cure of all her Ills.

Hom. Done like a Princess Minister; now when
I visited, I found her fainting; the
Poyson and her Fears begin to operate,
Nor can she long remain to cross our Hopes.

Acem. That done, I made my Interest with the
Officer (whose turn it was to guard the Gate)
To admit the Prince, and set your Title up.
Nor had my Lord escap'd, if in that Minute
(Tho' ignorant of what I purposed to him)
With a small Train he had not parted hence,
Leaving the Visier to command the Castle;
Himself, as they report, designs for *Ablas*,
And in the Head of their united Force,
Will soon return to try his Fate by Battel.

Hom. Therefore, therefore——Whilst he's alive, how dare
I think of any Crown but his? he who
Has sworn my Death, will surely act it.
Do thou make haste to *Ismael*——
'Tis but a Moment since they are departed,
His Youth will soon o'retake their Speed.
Tell him my Prayers and Vengeance shall go with him,
And charge him strike, to save a thousand Lives,
To rid my Heart of its worst Passion, Fear;
That nothing may remain but Transport here.

[Exeunt omnes.]

*The Scene draws, and discovers the Princess Bassima fainting upon a Couch,
the Visier Osman enters to her.*

Osman. Ah, Madam! We are lost! Betray'd to Ruine!
The shameless *Homais* has undone us all.
The Soldiers are revolted on her side,
The Prince her Lord departed from the Castle,
And ours Victorious now is entring here.

Bass. Then Death's the Cure of all,
And I am hastning to him.

Since last we met I'm grown familiar with him,
And we have now contracted such a Friendship,
That I am certain nothing can destroy us.

Osman. Therefore, my Princess, since your Fate and mine
Are both so near, and there remains no means
To save you; let us employ the time

In kind Revenge, and Heavenly Joys.
O do not banish me from Earth unblest!
Send not your true Adorer hence
Unrecompens'd for all his constant Love.

Bass. There's none but you cou'd make me hear these Words;
But by the eminent Disorder here,
I now conjure you, *Osmán*, not to name
A Thought that may offend my Glory.
Fain I would part at Peace with all,
And something more, with you—— But this is not the way.

Osm. O do not argue thus, my Fair, with him,
Who has not time to loose the Doors I've fasten'd
All behind; they've five to force, before they
Can disturb us; an Age if well employ'd.
I count such vast Delight in your Embrace,
That shou'd my Life exceed that charming Point,
The Extasie would blunt the sharpest Sword,
For I could feel no other Death but Joy.

Bass. O Honour, Glory, guard me.

Osm. They're all but empty, notionary Sounds;
The World already does conclude me happy:
Will you be more unkind than they?
You, who of all the World can only make me blest.
Alas! we have not time to lose——
Already they wou'd force the Door that leads
To this Apartment; your Joys, midst all this
Noise and Horror, would prevent another thought.
Show now that you have truly lik'd, and in
This latest Hour of Life do not oppose
A barren Shadow to my Love, unknown
To any but our selves.

Bass. Destroy me not, my Lord, by these Requests;
For I forbid not only Hopes, but Wishes:
That Faithfulness I owe my Royal Lord,
That Veneration all must pay to Vertue,
And a fair Conscience Peace, are more
Than Force sufficient to repel your Suit.
Then regulate your Flame by mine, and well
Consider that a transitory Moment
Ought to hold little weight, compared to
Everlasting Life.

Osm. Inhuman Princess!

Bass. You ought not think me so; had I been such,
Now in my Husband's Arms I'd flourish'd fair,
Not in a narrow Corner of the World,
Hunted, detested by my greatest Friends,
Am yet so far in Love with Misery,

To court my Dying, since 'tis by your Love.
O you know little! Not to know, 'tis much
For Souls so truly wed to Vertue,
To ballance with themselves as I have done,
Which is the dearest to me, You or Glory.

Ofm. Did you but love like me, you wou'd by all
Those Joys prevent the vulgar Road of Death;
Or which is worse, that which will follow your Denial.

Bass. I have a War within, which Death
Can only conquer: None but my self can tell
The wrecking Pains I bear; you see me Dying
Eeither by Treason, or that time allotted
To me. Cease then this most extravagant Request.
Resign, like me, your Wishes and
Desires. Scarce can we hear the Words we speak

[A Noise at the Scene
Door,

For the rude Noise and Fury of our Foes.
Heark! how they strive to bring us threatned Fate?
Ah Heavens! Is this a time to deal for Guilt!
When others would repent them of their Sins?
VVe who have liv'd till now so void of Crimes,
Let us not think it proper to begin 'em.

Ofm. Heavens! Is it possible you should permit
This unexampled Vertue thus to fall!
Have you not left one Means to save her?
She who deserves a thousand Altars
To her Name: Earth is indeed too vile to bear her;
Above she'll shine, as in her proper Sphere.
Forgive me, charming Excellence, I who
Durst think you had a Mortal Part, with rude
Unhollow'd Fires approacht such Sanctity;
Now full of VVonder am convin'd, your Charms
Are much too pure for ought, but his Omnipotence
That framed them——

*Here the Door is forc'd open, Levan and Homais enter, with Officers, Guards,
and Soldiers.*

Lev. Seize the Villain.
I will remit of her Inhuman Sentence,
Eternal Banishment be all her Doom.
Grant her Repentance Heaven, for her dark Sin to me.
My Lord, give present Orders to the Soldiers,
That they respect as mine my Uncles Person;
My Quarrel never did extend to him.
VWhen he returns my Arms are open to him,
For I've a weighty Favour to request.

[To one of the Court, who
goes out.

Bass. By our unhappy *Hymen*, I conjure you, spare *Osman's* Life; for all his Crime was mine.

Osman. Believe her not, such White cou'd know no stain,
And 'tis my Curse, that I must speak her Innocent;
Even whilst confessing Love was on her Lips,
Her Cold, her Candid Virtue damp't the Sound,
That but the Eccho only was enjoy'd.

Hom. D'e stand unmov'd, before a Rival's Boasting;
Go, bear him to immediate Execution,
And in that way the Council has decreed.

Lev. You've rous'd me up to noble Justice;
Be sudden, as Revenge and Hate cou'd wish.

Osman. Fare well, sweet Saint, till we shall meet above;
Now Souldiers, to that Fate which none can shun.

Bass. Yet call your faithful Visier back;
O send, and stop his way to Execution;
Pity a most unhappy Bride, who ere
She saw your Eyes, receiv'd a Wound from his;
Love, has like Fate, its pointed Hour;
And irresistible their Force,
But made a wretched Victim to the State,
With all this Languishment, this Love about me?

My Royal Father gave me to your Arms;
I strove to vanquish this uneasy Passion;
Knew all your God-like Virtues, and ador'd them;
But yet unaided, could not do you Justice;
To *Osman* I reveal'd the unhappy Flame,
Conjur'd him, as my only cure, to take
My Father's Court for ours; his Wife o'reheard
The fatal Dialect, and now for that, he dies;
The horrid Canon is discharg'd—I need no more
Ah Heaven receive thee to its Joys.

Lev. When Beauty pleads, what Rage can keep its height?
And I am fram'd, by Nature, full of pity,
But rival'd Love there's none should calmly bear.

Enter an Officer.

Offic. Your Orders, Sir, are punctually obey'd.
The Visier went undaunted to his Fate,
Nor at the horrid manner was concern'd,
But cry'd, 'twas glorious all he underwent;
For *Bassima*, then as the Orders ran,
Alive we cram'd him in the Fatal Canon,
Which in a moment was discharg'd in Air;
His Carcass shattering in a thousand pieces,
Dread and Horror fell on all the Crowd.

At so unhear'd, and unimagi'd Death.

Basf. The Vail of Death spreads o're my darken'd Sight;

'Twas kind who ever dealt this Mischief to me;

They're much too exquisite for Nature's Pangs:

Can you forgive the Errors of my Fate?

I summon all my latest strength, thus low,

To ask it of you—Farewell, thy Lord—and O believe,

Glory was still my darling Virtue.

Nor did a Love, strong as my Amorous

Stars cou'd give, once tempt me to forsake it:

For you, who were too much Divine for me,

I beg from Heaven a long and glorious Reign;

My Stars shone fullenly upon my Birth;

Let 'em not quench my Fame and Life together.

[Dies.

Lev. How calm she went! Should she be innocent,

Eternal Grief and Horror wou'd surround me:

Nor cou'd the Globe afford my fellow Wretch.

O Heavens! What state is mine, that I must hope

My Wife was false?

Hom. Drown all these Melancholy Thoughts in joy;

Fortune has made our Victory compleat:

The Storm that threaten'd black, is now o're-blown,

And the bright shining Sun of Love appears,

Unintermixt with any ill presage.

Lev. By Heav'n, my *Homais*, I adore thee strangely;

My Soul takes Fire at every glance of thine:

So dear thou art to every Corner of me,

So true a Mistress of my Thoughts and Person,

That I will gaze my Miseries away,

And in thy Arms remember naught but thee.

[As *Levan* is Embracing of her, the Prince of Libardian Enters with his Sword drawn, runs at her, and Kills her.

Hom. Ah Traytor, Hell-Hound, thou hast done thy worst.

P. of L. Thus I've discharg'd the Debt I ow'd;

Stretch *Acmai's* Tortures to their utmost length:

Her Minion *Ismael* whom she sent to take my Life,

Is by my Subjects packt to Hell before her.

Room, ye Infernal Powers, for three more vile

Then ever flam'd below.

Hom. Thou Dotard, impotent in all but Mischief,

How could'st thou hope, at such an Age, to keep

A Handsome Wife? Thy own, thy Devil will

Tell thee 'tis impossible—

Thus I dash thee with my gore,

And may it scatter unthought Plagues around thee;

Curfes more numerous than the Ocean's Sand,

Much more inveterate than Woman's Malice;

Indubious!

And

The Royal Mischief.

And but with never ending time expiring.

P. of L. Rail on, thou can'st deceive no more.

Hom. O thou too faintly Lover! Canst thou hear him?
That Coward *Ismael* too, who reapt my formost Joys;
What an effeminate Troop have I to deal with?
I'll meet and sink him in the hottest Lake;
Nay, plunge to keep him down—O! I shall Reign
A welcome Ghost; the Fiends will hugg my *Royal Mischief*.
Grim Osman and his Princess grace my Train;
One sent by Poison, t'other by new Fires.

But thou, my Darling Evil,
When Fate had nothing else to do but join us;
When expectation beat the loudest March,
And full blown Joys within an instant of us,
'Tis more than life can bear to be defeated:
Be thou a shade, and let us mingle then;
There feast at large, what we but tasted here:
Thus with my utmost force I'll bear thee with me;
Thus strangle thy lov'd Neck, thus die together;
But O! a Curse on Fate and my expiring strength.

[Dies.]

P. of L. O Nephew! How wert thou misled,
Thy noblest Nature turn'd to vilest Uses,
Made *Homais's* Tool to hew Ambition,
Murder, Incest, for her? I dare not tell
Thee yet, how much to blame thou art.

Enter an Officer.

Off. My Lord, the Princess *Selima*, distracted
With her Grievs, ranges the fatal Plain,
Gathering the smoking Relicks of her Lord,
Which singes, as she grasps them; now on the
Horrid Pile, her self had heap'd, I left her
Stretcht along, bestowing burning Kisses
And Embraces on every fatal piece.

P. of L. Remove her, for your Life, with gentlest force,
And then, with care, convey her to my Tent:
I'm lost amidst this round of Fate, what Crimes
Were ours, that you should thus severely blast
The Royal Fame.

Lev. And here stand I, the cursed Cause of all,
As unconcern'd, as tho' the Beauteous pair
That fell by me, were still alive;
But mighty grief has stopt the passage up;
Extremest detestation of my self,
Has left me means to speak no other way but thus.

[Falls upon his Sword.]

P. of L. Add not new Crimes to the unhappy Count,

Deluded

Deluded Prince, this was no way to Expiate
For thy faults; live to convince the World,
By a more just and glorious Reign,
That they were Fates, not yours.

Lev. 'Tis past — Behold the Murderer of *Bassima*,
Who took his Uncles Wife, and hug'd the Incest;
And wou'd you wish me life? I wretch who gave
Her up a Prey to her Avenger, prov'd
In effect the Inhuman Butcherer
Of Nature's fairest work.

P. of L. Her two Extreame,
So foul and yet so fair, she cannot paint again.
O in a Cause so bad, to lose thee
Thus, after all my ardent longings,
And mighty strivings to advance your glory;
Unwreath'd this Brow to place on yours the Lawrel;
Show'd you to Conquer'd Nations, as my boasting
Prov'd to be made your glories foil:
My dearness to thee, more urges Tears of Grief
Than Anger from me.

Lev. By all your mighty Wrongs and my undoing,
By Deaths inevitable Pangs that now assail me,
I thought her un-enjoy'd —

And *Bassima* that Monster she was made:
O injur'd Saint, dart from thy Heaven upon me,
And grant that Pardon which thou askt of me,
To you, my Sins can never think forgiveness,
Nor after Incest, cou'd I live to wear it.

Beauty, Death's keenest Dart,
More fruitful far than any other Fate.

By whose Enchantments all my glories fade,
And Innocence unwary is betray'd.

[Dies.

P. of L. O horror, horror, horror!
What Mischief two fair Guilty Eyes have wrought;
Let Lovers all look here, and shun the Dotage.

To Heaven my dismal Thoughts shall straight be turn'd,
And all these sad Disasters truly Mourn'd.

[Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Miss Bradshaw.

OUR Poet tells me I am very pretty,
Have Youth and Innocence to move your pity;
A few Tears hence perhaps you might be kind,
The Tallest Trees bend to the rustling Wind;
Then spare me for the good which I may do,
Early bespeak me, either Friend or Foe:
Nor think those Youthful Joys I have in store,
Far distant Promises, unripen'd Ore,
Meer Fairy Treasure, which you can't Explore:
The Play-House is a Hot-Bed to young Plants,
Early supplies your Longings and your Wants,
Then let your Sun-beam send such lively Heat,
May stamp our Poet's work, and Nature's too Complete.

EPILOGUE

